

# The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888.

NUMBER 443.

## SCHOOL IS OUT.

### Anniversary Exercises of the High School.

### THIRTY-FIFTH NORMAL COMMENCEMENT.

Largest Class Ever Graduated Here.

Class Days and Society Reunions—The Conservatory of Music and the Training School—Commencement Day and the Banquet.

Closing Exercises at St. John's Parochial School.

#### THE YPSILANTI HIGH SCHOOL.

A brilliant audience of pupils, patrons and friends of the High School filled the large chapel hall to overflowing, last Friday night, on the occasion of the graduating exercises of the class of '88. Festoons and wreaths of green, and the class motto—"Persevere and Win"—adorned the room, and the bright faces and cool, white dresses of the young ladies (if anything in such weather might be called cool) made the scene most animating. Alumni and invited guests occupied seats on the platform, with the Faculty and Board of Education, and the graduating class, composed of the following students:

Alex. B. Hardy, Richard R. Putnam, Watson Snyder, Jr., John H. Thompson, Walter G. Wallace, L. May Webb, Flora B. Miller, Lizzie E. Moore, Blanche E. Mott, Hattie Pattison.

After music by the High School Choir, which the training of Prof. Foote has brought to a high state of proficiency, the Rev. J. L. Cheney invoked the divine blessing. Music followed, and interspersed the exercises of the evening, Mrs. T. C. Owen contributing one solo.

Ten members of the class had parts assigned upon the programme, and performed them well. "Call a Spade a Spade," was the title of the introductory essay, by Miss Miller, in which she remonstrated against the use of slang and the needless employment of foreign words, and pleaded for simplicity of style, enforcing the subject by her own good example.

Mr. Snyder was excused from presenting his oration on Kaiser William, and Mr. Wallace, with "Unknowns," was the subject, found in the chemical unknowns the suggestion of the unknowns in the wide world of daily life, and adured continuous watchfulness of undefined springs of action that, often unrecognized, move us in erratic courses.

Miss Webb gave some entertaining glimpses of Mexican Life, derived from a visit to New Mexico, in which she seemed to confound the Spanish Mexican and the Aztec.

Mr. Thompson employed notably good forms of expression and forcible style, in his oration on Cooperative Industry. He recognized a legitimate and an illegitimate cooperation, the one beneficial, the other a hurtful conspiracy.

Miss Moore discoursed upon Early Rising, in tones that were not intelligible at the rear of the stage, but gained applause from those in front.

"Fire Burns to Ashes," was Miss Mott's title. Light and heavy woods produce fire and ashes of differing qualities and value. Men's deeds are fire, fed by the character within, which determines the value of the product. Garfield and Poe represented two widely contrasted classes; and the story of the ashes of Wyckoff was employed with good effect.

Mr. Putnam pleaded for a place for The Inventor among the world's high benefactors, and forcibly contrasted the Wattses and Moores with the Napoleons and Alexanders. His delivery was distinct and manner, excellent.

Miss Hopkins wrote charmingly and justly of The Hero of Harper's Ferry, and her own observations at that historic spot last year. Reforms are born of fanatics, lunatics and cranks, so-called, and John Brown, fanatic and lunatic though he be called, inaugurated the war which freed the slave.

"Get Work," was Mr. Hardy's injunction, and most admirably did he enforce it, in the closing oration of the evening. The value and nobility of work—value to the worker as well as to the world—admonish all to be workers, and not drones; to leave upon the world the impress of their faithful endeavor, and not drop out unmissed, unremembered, unlamented.

Superintendent Putnam's remarks, in presenting the diplomas, harmonized well with the tone of the last oration. It is not stupendous abilities, but stupendous purposes of work, that must determine the value of a life. The world owes a living to no one. The world owes nothing. You owe everything to the world—all that you have and all that you are—as the result of the labor of workers who have preceded, and the debt demands the devotion of a lifetime to repaying.

After the presentation of a great profusion of flowers, books, and other gifts to the graduates, the exercises closed with the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Ellis.

#### THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

##### STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

"It is good to be here," the words upon the blackboard at the rooms of the Students' Christian Association last Sunday afternoon, recorded the sentiment which beamed from every face in that large assembly, and was expressed from the lips of all of the speakers. It was the final meeting of the Association for the school year, and the beginning of the anniversary occasions of the Commencement season. Conservatory Hall was crowded. Miss Rogers led the meeting, in which there was prompt and general participation all over the house. Many who spoke were

alumni, returned from one or more years' absence, and the common testimony of all to the incalculable and enduring value of the meetings of the Association, in the individual life, gave the most conclusive proof of the wisdom of its establishment and the faithfulness of its management. And the reach of its influence is infinite—communicated from life to life so long as any life shall last in this world, and so far beyond as those lives shall go—having no limit of duration nor bound of space. One student referred to the deep religious influence exerted upon him as a pupil in the high school at home, through a teacher graduated from the Normal and inspired by this Christian Association; and so they go out into those fields all over this land and in other lands—those fields where as teachers of youth they are charged with the highest and most sacred of all responsibilities—carrying with them the inspiration to nobility of thought and purpose and achievement which the Association so signally imparts, and which they in turn impart again to those who shall form society and governments hereafter. When we consider what that inspiration is, and what are its fruits, we realize that there is no department of the Normal School more important than the Students' Christian Association, composed entirely of the students themselves and managed exclusively by them, without any agency of the authorities of the school or of the state.

#### THE BACCALAUREATE.

Sunday evening, June 24, a crowded house greeted our Normal friends, to listen to the baccalaureate sermon by the Principal, Prof. J. M. B. Sill. The Faculty and distinguished guests filled the rostrum, while in the rear of the room were seated the Normal choir, numbering about 75. Their music enlivened the occasion and exhibited great proficiency and excellent execution. The musical talent of the Normal is justly famous and speaks volumes for the fidelity of Prof. Pease and his assistants in their training. After the usual introductory exercises, Principal Sill addressed the class in eloquent and earnest words which should linger with them through life as an inspiration and a guide in the discharge of responsible duties. They were the words of the true teacher, and bespoke a zeal born of conscience and tempered by long and successful contact with the great world into which he bade the young people of the class to go with courageous hearts and willing service. We are glad to publish the sermon entire, trusting that it will be read with profit and cherished among the sacred memories of school life. It will be found elsewhere in this paper.

At the close of the sermon, Prof. Putnam came forward and, in tender and most feeling words, spoke briefly concerning the sudden and sorrowful death of Mr. James A. Marks, who was a member of the class about to graduate. He also read appropriate resolutions adopted by the Faculty, expressing their appreciation of Mr. Marks' character as a student and his fidelity as a Christian, and their sympathy for those upon whom the dark shadow of affliction had fallen.

#### THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

Notwithstanding the rain falling at the time appointed for the graduating exercises of the Training Department of the Normal School, Monday morning, the hall was comfortably filled with students and visitors and the exercises began promptly at 9 a. m., the designated hour. Twenty boys and girls of the grammar grade and sixteen of the primary grade, all in holiday attire, formed an attractive circle on the rostrum, intent on doing the duty assigned them, and evidently well trained "to know the occasion."

The exercises opened with a piano duet and was followed by the reciting of the twenty-third psalm by the school. The program consisted of recitations and declamations with an amusing dialogue entitled, "A Piece of News," in which it appeared that in answer to the general demand for news when there was none, one of the bright little Misses took it upon herself to manufacture items to suit the occasion, and succeeded so well that the whole company were interested, astonished and delighted for several minutes. After gratifying their curiosity for so long a time, she coolly told them that it was all fiction and so furnished food for another craving in human nature, namely "to be shocked," at the perversity some folks will show when occasion demands. The whole performance was skillfully executed and the same may be said of all the exercises. There must have been great fidelity on the part of teachers and scholars alike, for thorough preparation was evinced by every participant. We should be glad to give a special notice of each performance but our space is too limited. We give them all hearty commendation. The music was furnished by the different departments, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Palmer, and Miss Ruth S. Putnam, students of the Normal Conservatory.

The specimens of map drawing displayed upon the blackboards of the training school, are remarkable, when we consider that they are done wholly from memory, by the pupils of the 6th, 7th and 8th grades. Most adult people, with maps before them, would find difficulty in executing many of the maps of Europe and South America.

The following are the graduates from the two departments:

GRADUATE DEPARTMENT.  
Julia E. Bellows, Little L. Lee, Harry Moore, Mabel L. Casey, Harry Moore, Flora Patterson, Jennie B. Farnam, Roba B. Page, Herbert Flowers, Jennie M. Richards, Edna M. Geer, Joseph Sill, Ernest P. Goodrich, Minnie Wilber, Emma M. Holtz, Berre D. Wilber, Florence E. Hayden, Lee Yockley, Laura S. Jemess, Archie McNeel.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.  
Forest Brown, Harry Morehouse, Fred Draper, Luella Newton, Felix Duffey, Blanche Root, Bessie Ellis, Hattie Root, Eugene Edson, Harold F. Smith, Frank Johnson, George E. Sherman, Don Lawrence, Mildred S. Smith, Chester B. Loomis, Harry Showers.

#### JUNIOR CLASS DAY.

It was three quarters of an hour after the appointed time of 7:30 Monday evening, when the Junior Class filed into their seats on the platform of Normal Hall, and received the welcome of the assembled audience. The program of the occasion was as follows:  
Vocal Solo—Salvie Marie, B. St. James.  
Invocation, Rev. J. L. Cheney.  
Ladies' Quartette—The Rustic Dance, Misses Childs, Watson, Ostrander and Hegardt.  
Salutatory, Ida M. Robins.  
Vocal Duet—Trust her not, Messrs. Palmer, Key.  
Class History, L. D. Remington.  
Recitation—Hannah at the Altar, K. Mand Cady.  
Vocal (a. When the first red roses bloom, Diet, (b. My home, Misses Chapman, Bellows.  
Class Poem, Minnie Pattison.  
Declaration—To the Ursula Major, A. L. Marvin.  
Organ Solo—Overture, Walter Hewitt, Jr.  
Essay—Courtesy, Minnie F. Coleman.  
Oration—A Page of American History, P. F. Trowbridge.

Male Quartette—The Young Revere, Messrs. Smith, Nichols, Spalding, Thompson.  
Class Prophecy, L. Grace Otis.  
Class Song, F. J. Hendershot, Junior Class.  
Benediction.

The vocal duet and organ solo were enjoyed, and all of the parts were applauded. Mr. Hendershot presided with modest dignity. Miss Robins delivered her salutatory in clear tones and with ready and distinct utterance. The historian, after the usual harmless nonsense, declared that justice to the four-year graduates demands the throwing out of the three-year courses, and closed with a feeling allusion to the death of Miss Nettie Morrison.

Mr. Marvin did justice to the grand and lofty composition that he chose. Mr. Trowbridge eloquently and justly characterized the disgrace and infamy of our war upon Mexico, the greatest national crime in our history, excepting the crime of slavery, of which it was the product.

Miss Otis, like Silas Weeg, had a habit of dropping into poetry, and with her quaint intonation she made her Prophecy highly entertaining. It was more meritorious than the average of its class.

The cooler air that the rain of the afternoon had brought, contributed greatly to the comfort of the audience, and the evening was much enjoyed.

#### CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Tuesday morning occurred the closing exercises of the Conservatory of Music. The extreme length of the program detracted somewhat from its general excellence. Among the vocal numbers, we may especially mention the solos by Misses Champion and Chamberlain, and Becker's charming "Springtide" by Miss Leda Bellows. Mr. Spalding's fine voice was very effective in "The flower may hide her lovely face," and Miss Mamie Latson received the only encore given, for her beautiful rendering of De Pina's "Gaily Chant the Summer Birds." Miss Seeger of Ann Arbor sang a delightful Swiss "Echo Song," with unusual grace. The instrumental numbers were nearly double the vocal. Of them Miss Strong's organ solo, and the piano solos of Misses Wilber, Gay, Lee, Dickerson and Green, and Mr. Woodford deserve particular notice. The exercises fittingly closed with Back's fine "Hymn to Music."

#### ART DEPARTMENT.

The exhibit presented by Prof. Goodison's classes in drawing is worth seeing. The walls of the large room are covered with specimen drawings, the unaided work of students who twenty weeks ago were beginners. The work of the advanced class would do credit to a school of technology. Prof. Goodison is not only an artist himself, but he knows how to teach drawing, as the progress made by his pupils attests.

#### SENIOR CLASS DAY.

Tuesday afternoon the Seniors met in Normal Chapel and entertained for an hour or so, the large audience which paid their respects to the class on that occasion. Class day is a feature of Commencement of modern introduction, dating back to within the memory of those still young, but it is rapidly supplanting the formal stage orations of former days, when candidates for degrees had to stand before the President who, clad in his cap and gown, assumed the dignity of a pagan court, and talked to them in an unknown tongue. A very good substitute it is, and judging from the crowded audience and the evident delight they took in passing scenes, a very popular one. The exercises admit of larger variety and are a better index to the public, of the talent of the class, than was possible under the old regime, so every body is interested in it. The class of '88 proved themselves fully up to the record of those preceding them. In fact, it is whispered around among themselves, that there never was a class quite equal to it. '88 outnumbered all preceding classes, and as for wit and wisdom, dignity and beauty, it is clear the Normal never saw the like before, and in all probability, will never see the like again. To all this the public, or so much of it as was in the chapel, Tuesday afternoon, give ready assent.

The exercises were varied and each was excellent in its way. From the polished essay and vigorous oration, from the sweet flowing numbers of the poetess, to the wit and humor of the Sybilline leaves, there was nothing wanting to make the occasion one of delight to the audience and a pleasant remembrance to the class.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. McCorkle of this city, after which Miss Florence Wood gave salutatory and greeting.

The salutatory was original in thought and treatment. Miss Wood considered the typical American salutation as not well-

come, but "hello," as it is used by all classes, and therefore, as the representative of the class of '88, she bade the audience "Hello!"

The History of the class by Mr. Lewis Merriman, was a collection of interesting data, a faithful witness of incidents of school life and class individuality. The oldest member of the class was born in 1850; the youngest in 1871. Average age, 24 years. Prior to entering the Normal, the members were engaged in various pursuits: farming, teaching, clerking, fishing, bus-driving and waiting. It being leap year, it is slyly intimated that some of the young men are waiting still. A wide range of experiences are represented from the bicycle to the cyclone and measles. The class numbers 115, of whom 40 per cent. graduate in English, 30 per cent. scientific, 8 per cent. classical, 8 per cent. modern languages, and five per cent. in each of literary and musical courses. The nativity of the class represent all points of the compass, but most of the members are Wolverines. Politically 43 per cent. are republican, 20 per cent. democrats, and 37 per cent. prohibitionists. Only 5 were born with golden spoons in their mouths, while 60 per cent. have depended on their own efforts to get through. The biggest weights 170 pounds and the smallest 60 pounds. Forty per cent. favor woman suffrage and 30 are "agin" it. Several are already married and all expect to be, "some day." The entire history as read by Mr. Merriman was listened to attentively and the sharp points and witty allusions were relished keenly, by class and audience alike. Evidently there will be no lack of worthy successors to Hume, Froude and Bancroft if the Normal "keeps on" as it promises.

Miss Della Cook, the class essayist, took "Dandelions" for her theme. The dandelions grow everywhere—each filling its allotted place—on the wayside, in the meadow, in the sheltered valley, alone on the bleak upland. So is man given his allotted place. First the dandelion is brilliant in youth, then it grows gray—a puff of wind and it is gone. Man is the same. But when we say that the dandelion is gone, we mean that its seeds have scattered and found resting places in the earth and the next year will rise as a new crop of dandelions. So man's deeds live after him, and his thoughts are sown far and wide, to come up in many minds.

The Prophecy was read from a bunch of green leaves by Miss Watson and Mr. Patrick. It was written in Hiawatha metre and abounded in clever things.

Mr. Walter French, the orator, spoke on "Concentration of Thought," illustrating by reference to war, business, study and other fields of labor. Above all, the teacher must be able to concentrate his thoughts upon one subject—the welfare of his school. Concentration is power.

Messrs. Palmer and Key kindly repeated the duet "Trust Her Not," which they sang Monday evening, and as an encore, gave a very amusing account of the "Joys of Angling."

The poem by Miss Luna Shattuck was of unusual merit. The writer referred to the fates, and the threads of human life, declaring that life's threads were spun by our own hands, and described some of the threads—particularly that of memory.

The valedictory was given by Mr. W. D. Hill. He dwelt upon the profession of the teacher, referred pleasantly to the prophecy, and predicted that real life would probably be more practical, and closed with an earnest farewell to the Normal.

The class song by Miss Ruth Putnam was excellent.

Too much credit cannot be given Miss Ida Wall for her charming and gracious presiding. We think the gentlemen would be willing to have leap year every year if they could always obtain so dainty and self-possessed a President.

At the conclusion of the regular exercises, Mr. D. W. Wilson, in the name of the class and in well chosen words, presented to the Ancient Languages Department, as a memento, beautiful busts of Homer, Cicero and Virgil. Prof. D'Ooge, the head of the department, speaking appreciatively of the work of the class and hopefully of their future, accepted the gift for the Institution.

#### CRESCENT SOCIETY REUNION.

All alumni of the Crescent society as well as the active members of the past year enjoyed an hour of reunion on Tuesday afternoon. Miss Luna Shattuck welcomed the returning members in a neat little speech, T. L. Evans, of '87, delivered the annual address, and a few short speeches were made by others. Music and ice cream made up the rest of the program.

The first reunion of this society was held last year, when only three or four old members were present. This year the number was multiplied at least by three. Should the present prospect for a still greater attendance next year be realized, those who instituted the custom may feel assured that they have been successful in their effort to broaden the field and elevate the standard of society work by uniting into closer brotherhood all Crescents.

#### ALUMNI REUNION.

The Alumni of the Normal were well represented at their social gathering Tuesday evening last. Among the many there we noticed Prof. C. T. Andrews, class of '86, now in charge of the schools at Michigan; Prof. Harry Thompson, of '87, Newberry, Mich.; Prof. D. E. Haskins of Concord, class '70, now Post Master, Supt. of County Schools, etc.; Prof. Warren Hull, class of '84, Albion; Prof. George Hodge, '79, Le Sueur, Minn.; Miss Florence

Shultes, '83, Traverse City; Prof. C. T. Grawn, '80, Traverse City; Prof. J. K. Davis, '74, who has labored the past year in San Diego and goes to Memphis, Tenn., to take charge of the city schools; Prof. Wm. Ellis, '83, Detroit schools; Prof. C. W. Mickens, '86, of Utica schools; Prof. G. A. Osenga, Principal of Osego schools; Mary B. Putnam, '79, hails from Minnesota; Mrs. Kimble of St. Johns, and many others whose names we did not learn. Ypsilanti bids you all, welcome.

The Alumni Association decided to have a literary program at the next anniversary, and chose the following officers for the year:

President—C. T. Grawn, Traverse City.  
Vice President—Miss Eugenie Glover, Cassopolis.  
Secretary—Miss Florence Goodison, Ypsilanti.  
Executive Committee—The President and the Normal Faculty.

T. L. Evans is selected as orator, and Prof. Bowen as necrologist, for the next reunion.

#### COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The inadequacy of Normal Hall was never more painfully realized than upon the assembling of the audience to witness the Commencement exercises, Wednesday morning. When every seat was filled, the broad front entrance and all the areas in the east half of the hall were packed with people, who stood during the whole three hours to the adjournment. Those standing were nearly as many as those sitting, and many turned away, unable to get in at all. Fortunately, the day was cool, and the discomfort was thus lessened.

The State Board of Education, Faculty, class representatives, and invited guests, filled the large platform, and three double rows of seats across the hall were filled by the members of the graduating class, which numbered 116, considerably the largest class ever graduated.

The music program contained five numbers. Following are the pieces:

Anthem—Arise! Shine, for Thy Light is come. Elvey.  
Normal Choir.

Chorus—Excelsior. Baile.  
Men's Voices of the Choir.

Chorus and Chorus Obligato—Beautiful May. Schumann.  
Ypsilanti Sappho Club. Sullivan.

Normal Choir.

Prof. F. H. Pease, Conductor.

Miss Ruth Putnam, organist. Miss Jessie L. Pease and Miss Fannie Strong, pianists.

The songs gave hearty pleasure, and the lively glee, The Gypsies, was warmly enjoyed and responded to with the no less lively and decidedly charming "Dinah Do."

Following the anthem, prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Cheney, and the literary program was opened by Miss Emma C. Ackerman, of Bay City, with an essay entitled, Limited Learning, Limited Life. She, and the young ladies who followed, for the most part read their essays, which seems to us the proper thing to do. An essay is not an oration, nor a recitation. Recalling the quotation that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," Miss Ackerman drew a distinction between learning, and education. A learned man is not always an educated man. Education is something more than learning, and always stimulates to continued growth, while a little learning may altogether fail of that.

Charles R. Fox, of Charlotte, discoursed of Patriotism. The patriotism of Rome, and other ancient nations, sought national aggrandizement through war and conquest, and many deeds have been done in that name which should bring the blush of shame to the cheek. Our own part in the Mexican war, for which men enlisted in the name of patriotism, was of that class. True American patriotism, however, is the love of individual liberty; and it was that which turned peaceful citizens into an army of soldiers, and the army back into peaceful citizens again, in our more recent history. Our flag is not the emblem of war, but of peaceful prosperity, to foster which is the highest patriotism.

Miss Jessie May Allen, of Hanover, had for her topic, Dr. Arnold at Rugby—Dr. Thomas Arnold, the hero schoolmaster. Miss Allen had the courage to appear in all the neatness of smoothly-brushed hair, a defiance of the prevailing style of rowled top-knot, which won for her some compliments in our hearing. Dr. Arnold reformed the spirit as well as the method of teaching; and it is from that reform that teacher and pupil are sometimes brought so near that it is soul to soul and heart to heart. The fruits of such teaching always remain.

The Responsibilities of Civilized Nations was the subject of an oration by Warren E. Conkling of Dowagiac. Development depends upon the state of society. The advancement of civilization must be in the line of free popular government, and the success of that demands higher culture in the people. The schools and churches are the important factors, and high education, more than law, will remedy errors and remove evils.

Miss Georgia F. Bacon, of Pontiac, gave Olympus as the title of her essay, which was an account of a council of the gods, held to determine what should be done to recover the authority wrested from them by the new god, Science. Their hold upon the fear and fealty of man had been lost, and there were sad complaints at the Court of Olympus. While they were in session, a company of audacious mortals actually invaded the sacred realm, and Barnum captured the whole assembly for his show. It may not be significant, but Barnum's agent was here that morning.

The oration of Wellington D. Sterling, of Lowell, dealt with The Evils of Partisanship in Politics, a theme that leads to the most satisfactory portrayal of other men's sins, of anything we know of. We have often descended upon the evil of sticking to a party through thick and thin, as the infatuated members of the other

parties persist in doing, and we well know the satisfaction with which Mr. Sterling warned them on the subject. He did it well, too, though his view that this is peculiarly an age of party, and of declining patriotism, is too pessimistic, and his declaration that the selection of candidates is commonly made regardless of fitness, was rashly unjust to the mass of patriotic citizens who labor with reasonable success to secure fit candidates.

Miss Ida L. Wall of Rockford entitled her essay, Infinity on the Side of Little-ness. Infinitesimal was the thought, and she discussed in pleasant phrase the marvels disclosed by the microscope, whose powers have not yet revealed any limit to minuteness in creation, and speculated whether that were not without limit—infinitude.

Modern Journalism was the subject tackled by Walter F. Lewis, of Osego. To the three forces of civilization, the family, the church, and the state, has been added a fourth—the press—and there is no limit to its future power. The outlook, however, is not altogether reassuring. The newspaper is characterized by coarseness and slang; it is venal; it is boss-ridden and party-ridden; it is devoted to prize fights and the magnifying of condemned criminals into heroes. In spite of these defects, the orator was not wholly without hope for the journalism of the future. The Nation, and the Century, and the North American Review, are governed by broad ideas and lofty purposes. If Mr. Lewis had read The Ypsilantian, he might have named a fourth that is engaged in setting a good example before the depraved members of the profession, and thus have found stronger ground for the hope he cherishes.

Reality from Ideality, an essay by Miss Rose M. Whitney of Richland, who found every reality prophesied and produced from the ideal—every fact conceived and born of a fancy. In mechanics, in art, in government, it is the same, the ideal conception precedes and causes the achievement. And in character, the struggle after the ideal helps toward the perfect man.

The closing oration, by Mr. Frank E. Stroup of Leavittsburg, Ohio, carried off the palm. It was entitled, Tools as Text-books, and was an eloquent and able plea for manual training. Emerson's complaint that we produce an education of words, not things, was too true. Mental perceptions depend upon the senses. The hand is the complement of the mind. The hand compels the mind to think, and trains it to accuracy of perception. It is not a proposition to substitute manual training for intellectual training, but to adopt a better method of intellectual training. The effort received the heartiest applause of all.

The interesting ceremony of presenting diplomas followed, the large class being summoned to the platform in four successive sections; and Principal Sill in a few words, extended to their congratulations upon the result of their labors, and good wishes for their future, with a fervent paternal benediction.

#### COMMENCEMENT DINNER.

The Ladies of the Library Association are proverbial for skill and generosity in supplementing the annual "feast of reason and flow of soul," which commencement week brings, with "the feast of fat things" but not "wine on the lees," unless "wine" is synonymous with coffee, ice cream and tropical fruits. These were in abundance and merit a unanimous vote of commendation, in behalf of the fair providers. To this feast which was so bountiful and tempting, 350 guests found their way from the graduating exercises in Normal chapel and they tarried an hour and a half in social, oratorical and gustatory enjoyment. To the reporter whose one delight was in the use of his lead pencil, the scene and sounds about the tables were emphatic evidence of good appetites and joyous spirits. Three hundred and fifty voices blended with the clatter of seven hundred knives and forks, in a concert of discords, which banished all thought of music except to ears adjusted for the occasion. Yet there were those there who insisted that it was music, compared to which "the music of the spheres" is a melody. Be this as it may, the hour was a joyous one, and a fitting close of a week in which there had been so much to delight, and so much to render it memorable, as well as somewhat to make it sad. We thought we saw some disappointed looks, when Hon. Mr. Jenks rose from his seat and called a halt and ordered a change of program. He appointed Principal Sill toastmaster for the occasion, who at once met the demands of the hour by drafting various eloquent and distinguished guests into the service, to gratify the popular demand for wit and humor, pathos and eloquence, and wisdom and advice. There was no rattle of small arms, whatever, but the artillery of the service opened at once. Prof. Grawn outlined what might be expected at the next meeting of the Alumni Association. Miss Ida Wall, President of the class of '88, spoke appropriately of things done and to be hoped for, while Hon. S. S. Babcock fired hot shot into some hypothetical personage, who had learned from rebel attacks, to "yell," and subsequently to practice law, and then to even make laws. Then, in the midst of distressing uncertainty on the part of the guests, as to what sinister purpose he entertained, he introduced the Hon. E. P. Allen. Amid the clapping of hands, Mr. Allen rose and in brief and fitting terms sat down on Bro. Babcock, by complimenting him highly and awarding him all due honors. Turning to the class who were about to go

forth to the battle of life, he addressed to them words which were weighted with good counsel and the wisdom which comes from years of experience and conflict. He spoke of their duty to the state, the claims which society holds against them and the necessity of courage and persistence in accomplishing the work for which these years at the Normal had fitted them.

Prof. Estabrook, from the storehouse of his experience, let fall many valuable gems which all teachers present would do well to gather and cherish. "If your work is to build up manhood and womanhood," he said, "your inspiration will come from close contact with your pupils." "Your best work will be done in the school room in close and loving sympathy with those in your charge, and with such a relation your own life and spirit will enter into the character of the pupil, and you, through them, will be instrumental and your work perpetual." Mr. Babcock touched a practical subject when he said "the time will come in the lives of all of you, when you will be compelled to choose the less of two evils. The world is moved forward by slow approaches to the absolute, right, and a partial good is better than a total evil."

After remarks from Wm. Campbell, Prof. George, Hon. Mr. Ballou, Judge Joslyn, Prof. Howell, and others, and a few parting words to the class from Prof. Sill, the happy company dispersed. Thus ended the doings of Commencement week, and a year of Normal life, the most successful and encouraging in its history.

#### ST. JOHN'S PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

The closing exercises of St. John's Catholic School, in charge of the Sisters of Providence, occurred Monday and Tuesday evenings, and were attended by crowded audiences of paying visitors. The program contained nineteen exercises for each evening—vocal and instrumental music, essays, recitations and dialogues—and the bright-faced little girls entered into the spirit of the occasion with eager delight, while their quiet and modest demeanor showed that, in addition to the regular studies, the important matter of deportment had received the careful attention of their teachers.

At the close, Father DeBever congratulated the pupils upon the advantages they enjoy and their faithful improvement of them, and admonished them that mere learning does not make the Christian. He drew some comparisons between the value from a religious standpoint, of Catholic schools and others, to the great disadvantage of the latter. If the Reverend Father had attended the closing exercises of the High School and the Normal from beginning to end, he would have recognized a prevalence of reverent and earnest religious thought that should lead him to rejoice, and to materially modify the impression he entertains.

#### Sad Death of a Student.

The Commencement season at the Normal is saddened by an event which has come with a great shock to the whole membership, and is peculiarly afflictive to the family immediately concerned. James A. Marks, of Starrville, St. Clair county, was a student who had worked hard, teaching a part of the time for means to continue his studies, and was to have graduated from the three-years English course this week, and go to a school for which he was already engaged as teacher. Last Saturday morning he went with some companions to the railroad bridge a mile above the city, to bathe, and was drowned. The body was recovered a few hours afterward. In the afternoon, his sister arrived here in anticipation of the pride and pleasure of witnessing his graduation, and was met at the depot with the dreadful intelligence of his death. The parents, too, had intended to come, but the mother was too ill for the journey, and they had awaited at home the return of the children, from whom they should hear the details of the occasion to which they had so hopefully looked forward. Instead, on Monday the weeping sister accompanied to that stricken home the lifeless form, followed by the tender sympathy and sorrow of all who had known him here.

It was only two years ago that a similar event occurred, when Ray O. Keeler of Grass Lake was drowned near the same place.

Mrs. Thos. White of Saline died last week, the burial occurring at Northville, Saturday.

Wm. A. Hatch, aged 72 years, died last week at Ann Arbor where he had resided more than fifty years.

Mrs. Harriet S. Brown, widow of W. T. Brown and second cousin to President Tyler, died at Ann Arbor on the 20th, of pneumonia.

Mrs. Michael Howard, aged 90 years, died at Manchester on the 15th.

#### Wanted.

Wanted—To sell or trade a nice lot of household goods, nearly new. A bargain. Inquire at southeast corner Forest avenue and Perrin street.

\*4424

A large stock of serpents, the boys all want them, at No. 5 Congress street. For sale by A. A. Graves, the Grocer.

See the great fireworks windows of A. A. Graves, the Grocer, at No. 5 Congress St. A beautiful display of novelties in this line.

Men and women, boys and girls all go where they can find the nicest selection of fireworks. The celebrated Excelsior fireworks are the best. For sale by A. A. Graves, the Grocer, at No. 5 Congress St.







## FOR THE LADIES.

**Middle Age—Nell's Baby—Most Entertaining—Grandmother's Way.**

**Birthday Verses.**  
"Was sung of old in hut and hall  
How once a king in evil hour  
Hung musing o'er his castle wall  
And, lost in idle dreams, let fall  
Into the sea his ring of power.

"Then, let him sorrow as he might  
And pledge his daughter and his throne  
To who restored the jewel bright,  
The broken spell would ne'er unite;  
The grim old ocean held its own.

"Those awful powers on man that wait  
On man, the beggar or the king,  
To hold bare of their all of state  
A magic ring that masters fate  
With each succeeding birthday bring.

"Therein are set four jewels rare:  
Pearl winter, summer's ruby blaze,  
Spring's emerald, and, than all more fair,  
Fall's pensive opal, doomed to bear  
A heart of fire bedrained with haze.

"[To him the simple spell who knows  
The spirits of the ring to sway,  
Fresh power with every sunrise flows,  
And royal pursuivants are those  
That fly his mandates to obey.

"But he that with slackened will  
Dreams of this and that and be;  
From them the charm is slipping still,  
And drops ere he suspects the ill,  
Into the inexorable sea."

—James Russell Lowell.

## Middle Age.

There is not much fun in being a middle-aged woman, look at it in any way you like, says a writer for the *Toronto Globe*. The morning of one's days is fresh and dewy, and there is an ineffable sweetness and mystery in the shades of twilight, but how mercilessly the midday sun lights up the rugged road that is traveled by the middle-aged woman. The rose tints of morning and evening are not for her. She looks at life in a hard, common-sense way, and she calls some things by their real names. That is to say, she calls sentimentality, sentimentality, and enthusiasm, enthusiasm, and love foolishness, and tenderness, weakness, and she doesn't seem to be interested in much outside of her home and neighborhood and favorite philanthropic hobby. Her opinion of this mundane existence is summed up in the cheerless words, "Life is a constant chore."

This I admit is painting the middle-aged woman at her worst, but in view of the possibility of such a fate overtaking sweet young girls and still sweeter older ones, I feel like urging all women who are young, still young, or "getting on," to join with me in an iron-clad resolve never to be middle-aged. All in favor of the motion will sign—Not quite so much enthusiasm, please! No need to stand on the benches and wave both arms. The reason why it is a great mistake ever to be middle-aged is that in the anecdote told of a so-called elderly gentleman and a thoughtful young man, "You are old, father," William," the young man said, "No," replied the other meditatively, "No, I am not old." "Why," said the boy in astonishment, "your face is wrinkled, your back is bent, you walk with a cane, and in fact I know you to be nearly 80." The other glanced at his trembling hands and feeble knees. "My body is old," said he, "but that is only the house that I live in; I am not old."

The house he lived in! That was all his body was to him, and within its poor decaying wall dwelt a divine occupant dowered with immortal youth. The girlish affections of some mature matrons deceive no one and are sure to waken pity or contempt in the observer. Instead of affecting the appearance of youth, why not retain the spirit of youth, which is full of unselfishness, and gladness, and hope, and lofty endeavor? Crows' feet near the eyes are not to be dreaded so much as a hard, middle-aged look in the eyes themselves. Wrinkles about the mouth cannot begin to be as disagreeable as a discontented, middle-aged droop in the corners of it, and a faded complexion is a blessing compared with the expressions of a face which conveys no higher intelligence to your mind than that life is a constant chore.

## An "Obituary" for Nell's Baby.

"Mr. Editor," said an old man, leaning over the railing at the entrance to the *Telegram* office to-day and looking the office boy square in the face. "Mr. Editor, if I might be asking you a favor? I've read your paper since your first begun runnin' it and Nell was livin' home wid us ole folks, helpin' mother round house. An' when she tuk an married Joe—Joe's assistant foreman o' his truck now, I suppose ye've heard?"

"O, yes," replied the office boy with editorial dignity.

"So yer see I ain't askin' favors like a stranger as ain't ever bin friendly at all."

"Dye mind puttin' in an obituary, eh?"

"No, 'tain't Joe nor Nell neither. It's only a little wan. Yer kin rub it in ov a corner somewheres, 'way down at de fut ov de page; jest ter cheer up Nell an' Joe; an' me, too, mebbe, an' ole mother."

"Yer see, Nell she had a baby—a little bit of a picayune, scary baby—no bigger'n a kitten. But it grewed up, an' riz curls an' things, and ezalled Joe 'round ter de truck-house, so ez all de boys got broke up on de little cuss, an' kissed her an' played wid her so as Joe got 'most jealous. Wanted ter take her ter firs' long wid de hose, dey did; but Joe he allowed ez Nell wouldn't hev sich larks wid her baby."

"So twar ez Nell's baby was de makin' of an elegant fer liddle, only it kem ez she was a girl. She'd be jest a year old ter-morrer, an' de boys in de truck was layin' out fer a big cake an' presents an' things. Got her a little gold bangle ring. See, here it is."

"Small, yer say? Why, bless yer, she was only risin' 3-4 year old ter-morrer. Sed never had big fingers now. Wall, de cake was all ter be frosted wid pink an' white sugar an' things; an' four candles fer four years, yer know, on top. Yes, twar all fixed beautiful fer Joe's baby an' Nell—why Nell was just hoppin' proud over it."

"But—just—er—yes, 'th' air is rather close up here, an' climbin' dem stairs is bad fer infuency. I guess yet calls it diphthery or sunthin' dat way. Youse editur chaps knows all dem things. But it only tuk three days—three days. Got help up! Buried her yesterday, an' de boys 'round in de truck is subscribin' fer a white cross wid, maybe, a marble angel on it. She

was dat pretty an' dat solid like wid dem, an' a ter-morrer's her birthday. Don't yer think ez yer kin rub in a small, little obituary? Jest fer Nell an' Joe like; an' de boys in de truck, fer dey'se all broke up, too. Four year all ter five days; Joe's little darter Nell. I'm askin' it as an' ole friend. Don't yer think ez yer kin fix it somehow?"—*New York Telegram*.

## Most Interesting.

By far the most interesting of all the festivities that have taken place of late was that mediaeval dinner party given by M. and Mme. Pierre Loti, at Rochefort. The author of "Les Pecheurs d'Islande" and "Madame Chrysanthe" has fitted up his mansion in various styles. There is an oriental drawing-room, wherein the visitor may well imagine himself on the shores of the Bosphorus instead of the Bay of Biscay; a Chinese room, called the "pagoda," full of spoils of the Celestial empire, and a dining-room in the style of the fifteenth century. It was for the inauguration of this marvelous chamber that M. and Mme. Pierre Loti issued invitations some time since to their particular friends in Rochefort and Paris.

The cards, or rather parchment rolls, were printed in old French, and the guests were requested to appear not only in the costume of the times but to adopt the name and attire of some historical personage of the reign of Louis XI. When dinner was announced the gentlemen offered their hands to the ladies and the procession passed into the dining-room, two musicians, played strange music on their pipes, leading the way. The seats of the host and hostess were placed under two dais, that of M. Loti being constructed so as to accommodate beneath it not only his chair but that of Beatrix of Gif, who was the most honored guest present.

With infinite care and research had the menu been drawn up, and not only were the fifteen courses arranged after manner of the fifteenth century but the dishes themselves were such as would have been served at Plessis-Les-Tours under Louis XI. The room was lighted up by resinous torches and the servants costumed as men-at-arms. Between one of the courses a party of mummings were introduced, the roast peacock was conveyed to the table in triumph, and Loti's already famous sallow, in the guise of a Saracen, was brought in in chains, which his master had knocked off, placing him near him. It was 1 o'clock before the spices were served which concluded the repast, after which the tables were removed and the ballet commenced. The host and three of the gentlemen, with as many ladies, stood up to the Danse des Torches, a sort of rhythmic walk and interlacing of couples which may become the fashion—who knows? Each dancer holds a lighted torch. The entertainment concluded with games—also of the period.—*London Queen*.

## Our Grandmothers' Way.

The old-fashioned courtesy of grandmothers is being revived again, though in a modified form. At a recent reception at the white house a fair young girl was presented to the president. As he took her hand she ducked down about six inches with a movement which might be termed the lightning courtesy. The same little bob was repeated a moment later as she shook hands with Mrs. Cleveland. Some of the bystanders exclaimed: "How awfully country!" but were quickly subdued by an explanation coming from one of the initiated. The trick is the latest English custom on being presented to people of note. The movement is a difficult one, any if universally adopted the fair society belles will find some difficulty in perfecting themselves in the accomplishment, for, unlike their grandmothers, the early education of the modern girl in that respect has been neglected. Courtesies and backboards were long ago consigned to oblivion as old-fashioned and out of date. Now, together with the old spinning-wheel, they are being brought to light and favor once more.—*Washington Letter to Toledo Blade*.

## Feminine Notes.

Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild has composed some very popular songs.

Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake thinks women would make good soldiers.

The Misses Galland are the most expert lady tricyclists in Washington.

Queen Victoria has a real motherly kindness underlying her brusque manner.

Mme. Anais Segalas began to write verses before she was seventeen years of age.

President Eliot, of Harvard, says that women should never lecture to young men.

The daughter of Rev. Edward Everett Hale is a portrait painter of marked ability.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is as miserly and picayunish as a stingy little country farmer.

Mrs. Mary D. Lowman, Mayor of Oskaloosa, Kas., has a pleasant face and motherly manners.

Lady Wilde's reception rooms are dimly lighted with candles covered with rose-tinted shades.

Mme. Judith Gautier, Mlle. Augusta Holmes and Mlle. Chamaide are called the "three graces" in Paris.

A distinguished negro belle of Port au Prince, Hayti, has married a brother of William Black, the novelist.

Queen Victoria always takes her wines and liquors with her whenever she travels. The high license law can't hurt Victoria, no matter who else is knocked out.

The Boston Transcript notes that only a fraction over 14 per cent of the prison population of Massachusetts are women, in spite of the sixty thousand "superfluous women" in the State.

At the recent city election in Wichita, Kas., fewer women went to the polls than last year. At some voting precincts there was not during the whole day a single woman voter.

About two hundred women had registered, yet of that number not one-half voted. Those who did exercise the right fell into line with the men and as their turn came hoisted their ballots to the judges of election. They were in no cases treated with disrespect.

## FACT AND FANGY.

A Chicagoan owns a Siberian blood hound of 180 pounds.

The Romeo Hydrant is the title of a Michigan paper.

Tallahua, Ga., is so healthy that the nearest doctor is twelve miles off.

Edwin Booth has purchased the elegant mansion on Gramercy Park, adjoining the former residence of Samuel J. Tilden, and will, it is said, present it to the Players' Club.

John Jacob Astor has presented the Astor Library a lot of land in Lafayette place adjoining that institution, so that it may control its nearest neighbors and be better protected in case of fire.

A young Russian nobleman was in a tailor's shop in Paris trying on a garment when a pistol fell out of his pocket and went off. The bullet wounded him mortally in the lower part of the stomach, and he died a few hours later.

Mme. Cornelle Pauvelle lately celebrated her eightieth birthday, at Bordeaux, by playing the same sonnet in which she made her debut three-quarters of a century ago. In the audience were her children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren.

Seven-year-old Willie McConnell, of San Francisco, found a bottle of whiskey and tasted the contents. He liked it and drank over half a pint. He became tipsy, then ill, and in a few hours died in great agony, in spite of the best efforts of a good doctor to save him.

Dr. B. L. Ross, of Fort Valley, Ga., has many interesting relics, but none that he prizes more than a small piece of metal which was once a part of the cannon which James Oglethorpe brought with him when he came from England to plant a colony in the American wilderness.

Thomas Eggleston has just died at Sparrowsburg, Va., at the advanced age of one hundred and twelve years. There was never a day since he was sixteen years that he was without his pipe, and he said he fully believed that his life was prolonged by the use of tobacco.

The Turkish Government has a suspicion that Russian pilgrims, who just now are arriving in great numbers at Jerusalem, are Galatians and Mount Athos, are really come to spy out the country, and have given orders that the pilgrims be closely watched and hustled along as rapidly as possible.

Hazleton Compton, of St. Joseph, Mo., was one hundred years old last Tuesday, and the St. Joseph Board of Trade gave a banquet in honor of the event. He is a hale old man, walking erect with a brisk step. He uses neither tobacco nor liquor, having stopped using the weed about seven years ago.

Captain Benjamin Baker, of Key West, Fla., has brought from Key Largo quite a curiosity in the shape of a sweet potato, which has the almost complete form of a coiled snake. The potato was grown among stones, and the shape which it now has was made from the peculiar formation of the stones in the ground.

It is said that canaries and other birds may be freed from insects by placing a white cloth over the cage at dusk. During the night the insects will leave the birds for the cloth, and in the morning they can be destroyed by placing the cloth in hot water. A repetition of the process will soon clear away the pests.

Science has claimed the sponge fishery of the Mediterranean. The native divers who could stay under water more than two minutes are being driven out by men in regular diving armor, who can work by the hour.

A German professor has originated a method of planting cuttings from sponges, and it is being prosecuted with success.

At Black River Falls, Wis., a fourteen-year-old girl and a sixteen-year-old boy were married, with the consent of the parents. At the hour fixed for the wedding the bridegroom was playing ball, and as soon as the ceremony was over he went back to his game, while the bride resumed her interrupted play with some of the neighboring girls.

Mr. Isaacson, the proprietor of a very profitable military supply in Regent street, London, carried on under the name of "Madame Elise et Cie," was elected to parliament, and he sold out the good will of the company for \$250,000 and the fixtures for \$20,000. He has now been sued for \$25,000 commission by a person who claims to have been an agent in the sale.

Upon answering the question of the *Pall Mall Gazette* whether a moving situation can be depicted by a novelist without an angel and Mrs. Lynn Linton, she said that she can never read over the pathetic parts of her stories without tears. Rider Haggard says that his pathetic situations are more moving on reading than upon writing, and another novelist has the same opinion.

Sho Nemoto, a Japanese student in the University of Vermont, gives some interesting facts about his country. The Japanese, he says, read more American than English books. Last year \$2,000 English and \$10,000 American books were imported. Until recently all the editors of all the newspapers were men, but in March last a temperance paper was established in Tokyo by Miss Asai and Mrs. Sasaki, the secretary of the Tokio Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Two young ladies of South Chester, Pa., went into a store where there was a galvanic battery, and the proprietor asked them to try it. Each grasped a pole of the battery, and wondered why no shock was felt. The proprietor suggested that they kiss each other. They did so, and then there was a shock indeed. One of the young women shrieked and fell over backward. The other made no sound, but fainted. Cold water brought both around, none the worse for the kiss.

There were 450 competitors for the prize offered by an English journal for the longest twelve-word telegram, and the winner put in the following, which was accepted by the telegraph office for transmission for six pence, the regular rate: "Administrator-General's counter-revolutionary inter-communications unincriminated. Quarter-master-General's disproportionate unconstitutionality's incomprehensibilities."

Alpice is not all spices at all, but one spice, the product of the powdered berries of the pimento or Jamaica ginger. Pimento trees are small evergreens, and the flowers grow in clusters, and are followed by small green aromatic berries, which are gathered before ripening and spread upon platforms to dry in the sun. The trees are never planted, but grow wild from seeds scattered by birds, and are thinned out and looked after by the farmers. A strong liquor is made from the berries by the Jamaica farmers.

Prof. E. S. Morse has set a price of \$100,000 on his collection of Japanese pottery, said to be the best in the world not excepting any in Japan. But if Boston wants the collection she can have it for \$80,000, Prof. Morse being willing to throw off the \$20,000 if the collection remains at the Hub. It is said to be a marvel of complete and systematic classification, covering the ground historically from the earliest pre-historic pottery down to the work of living men, by provinces, by makers, by forms, and by types of work.

Perfect equality in matrimony was the belief of a late resident of Jamaica, L. I. As he married a young woman with means of her own, he charged her one-half of the family living expenses. If he contributed to the lechery or the improvement of the village, just one-half of that sum did he transfer from his wife's account to his own. He reduces the system to such fineness that when he gave his wife a shawl in remembrance of his anniversary of their marriage, her share of the account suffered to exactly one-half of the price of the shawl.

## A Chinese Dinner.

It is a mistake to think the Chinese do not eat well. There are no better cooks, and when once a person learns their intricacies and flavorings the taste for heathen victuals grows upon him just the same as a weakness for brandy or a love of getting the ears shaved. Yesterday the dinner was boiled chicken—a la something or another—the encyclopedia calls it foie-gras steamed duck, or foie-gras macaroni, or meat, perfumed pork, or Tasso; a sausage named lob-cheon; and a lot of other things in a fancy way. Chow chop sue, the great heathen dish, was one of them. It is a delicacy made out of onions, rice, seaweed, meat, sauce, and goodness knows what else, but it is a noble thing to eat, though mussy, if you can't handle chop sticks easily. Then there were rice diamonds, salmon dumplings, chicken dumplings, ginger cakes, oranges made of thin fried paste, lemon rusks, lei-chee nuts, crystallized limes, and no-mac-dhaico. What is no-mac-dhaico? you ask. No-mac-dhaico is an intoxicating beverage, made from rice, that tastes well. It is served like all Chinese liquors, in a diminutive teapot, and is drunk out of little tiny cups that only hold about a tablespoonful. So you see, it would take a lot of drinks to make a Chinaman fat. Ung-kah-poh is another stronger wine, but it is not nearly so pleasant nor so good as no-mac-dhaico.

The whole thing only cost \$2.87 for the four, and would not have cost so much were it not that the artist insisted on sampling more things than he could eat.—*New York Telegram*.

A doctor always remembers kindly his first patient—if the patient lives.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

An overseer in one of the mills at Biddeford, Me., who is exposed to a strong electrical current, generated by the rapid motion of the belts near by, has had his hair changed to a beautiful bay color.

Sayings of Victor Hugo.  
All birds that fly have round their legs the thread of the infinite.

The soul aids the body, and at certain moments raises it. It is only the bird which bears up its own cage.

Nothing is small, in fact; and one who is subject to the profound and penetrating influence of nature knows this.

There has not been a despot, not a traitor for nearly a century back, who has not signed, approved, counter-signed, and copied, ne varietur, the partition of Poland.

Man is not a circle with a single center; he is an eclipse with a double focus. Facts form one of these, and ideas the other.

Poverty in youth, when it succeeds, has this magnificent property about it, that it turns the whole will toward effort, and the whole soul toward aspiration.

That light which we lack attracts us; no one loves the light like the blind man. The dwarf adores the drum-major. The toad always has its eyes fixed on heaven. Why? In order to watch the bird in its flight.

The soul of a young girl should not be left in the dark; later on images that are too abrupt and too lively are formed there, as in a dark chamber. She should be gently and discreetly enlightened, rather with the reflection of realities than with their harsh and direct light; a useful and graciously austere half light which dissipates puerile fears and obviates fall. There is nothing but the maternal instinct, that admirable intuition composed of the memories of the virgin and the experience of the woman, which knows how this half light is to be created, and of what it should consist.

## Names That Deceive.

Catgut is made from the entrails of sheep.

Whalebone is not bone, and is said not to possess a single property of bone.

Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with Pompey in any way.

Black lead is not lead at all, but a compound of carbon and a great quantity of iron.

Cleopatra's needle was not erected by the Egyptian queen, nor in her honor.

The turberose is not rose, but a species of oyanth.

German silver was not invented in Germany, and does not contain a particle of silver.

Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths, only heated chambers.

Cuttle bone is not bone, but a kind of chalk once inclosed in the fossil remains of extinct specimens of cuttlefish.

Sealing-wax does not contain a particle of wax, but is composed of Venice turpentine, shellac, and cinnamon.

Burgundy pitch is not pitch, and does not come from Burgundy; the greater part of it is resin and palm oil.

Brazilian grass never grew in Brazil, and is not grass; it is nothing but stripes of palm-leaf.

Mrs. Smith's Hard Luck.

Women of the metropolis are in some instances curious creatures indeed. The horsecars occasionally furnish striking illustrations of this fact.

A middle-aged girl and a girl of girlish age were seated in a crowded horse-car last night chatting in so loud a tone that at least one-half of the passengers could hear them.

"Wasn't that really too bad about poor Mrs. Smith?" said one of them.

"Why, I haven't heard of it. Please tell me," said the other.

"O, haven't you heard of it? Why, dear me, I supposed everybody knew it. You know the great trouble she had in getting a divorce from her husband," said the one.

"O, yes, but she got it, didn't she?" asked the other.

"Yes, but she had to pay \$400 for it."

"But she ought to be satisfied with that, hadn't she?"

"Well, hardly; her husband, just to show how mean he could be if he wanted to, died the week after she paid \$400, and she had all her expenses and trouble for nothing."—*New Haven Register*.

If you have Cutting, Scalding, or Stinging sores in the parts when voiding urine—Swamp-Root will quickly relieve and cure.

Fra Angelico is a sobriquet for Giovanni, who, it is said, was a knight and prayed before taking up his brush.

Firs.—All Firs stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Tonic. No Firs after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. To Fitz cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A Tremendous Sensation would have been created one hundred years ago by the sight of one of our modern express trains whizzing along at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. Just think how our grandfathers would have started at such a spectacle! It takes a good deal to astonish people now-a-days, but some of the marvelous cures of consumption, wrought by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, have created widespread amazement. Consumption is at last acknowledged curable. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only known remedy for it. If taken at the right time—which, bear in mind, is not when the lungs are nearly gone—it will go right to the seat of the disease, and accomplish its work as nothing else in the world can.

Raphael and Titian are both nicknames for great painters, the real names being Santi and Vecelli.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Charles Lemagne is a sobriquet for Charles, the illustrious ruler of France, and means Charles the great.

Moxie is the most remarkable thing ever known. Among all the patent devices and drinks ever set before the public, none have been so popular as the Moxie. Indeed, so large was its sale, there grew to be a general struggle all over the country to nullify its trademark, that all might have the right to use it; but it all ended in favor of the discoverer, Dr. Thompson, of Lowell, Mass. There is now not a place in the United States where it is not on sale. It takes the place of medicine and electricity in the treatment of stimulants among the drinkers; and of nerves among the nervous, weakly women, with whom it is very popular.

Calvin is used instead of the reformer's real name, Chautwin.

"Give Him \$2, and Let Him Guess." We once heard a man complain of feeling badly, and wondered what ailed him. A humorous friend said, "Give a doctor \$2 and let him guess." It was a cutting story on some doctors, who don't always guess right. You need not guess what ails you when your food don't digest, when your bowels and stomach are inactive, and when your head aches every day, and you are languid and easily fatigued. You are ill, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets will bring you out all right. Small, sugar-coated, easy to take. Of druggists.

John of Antioch, the preacher, was nicknamed Christos (golden-mouth) by the Greeks.

"The Starry Firmament" is a name for the sky, and is a name for the sky.

Sang Addison. But hadn't you, for a few years at least, rather look at the firmament from the underside.

YOU CAN DO IT by observing the laws of health and resorting to that cheat-the-grave medicine.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE You are out of sorts; a splendid feeling and appetite one day, while the next day life is a burden. If you drift on in this way you are liable to become Insane. Why?

Because poisoned blood on the nerve centers wherein the mental faculties are located, paralyzes them and the victim becomes non-responsive.

There are thousands of people to-day in insane asylums and graves, put there by Kidney Poisoned Blood.

Insanity, according to statistics, is increasing faster than any other disease. Is your eyesight failing? Your memory becoming impaired? An all-gone feeling on slight exertion upon you? If so, and YOU know whether this is so or not, do not neglect your case until reason totters and you are an imbecile, but to-day while you have reason, use your good sense and judgment by purchasing

WARNER'S SAFE CURE and WARNER'S SAFE PILLS; medicines warranted to do as represented, and which will cure you.

MACALISTER'S COUGH MIXTURE A pleasant, effective and SAFE remedy Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis

MACALISTER'S COUGH MIXTURE A pleasant, effective and SAFE remedy Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis

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"Had Been Worried Eighteen Years." It should have read "married," but the proof-reader observed that it amounted to about the same thing, and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately there was considerable truth in his observation. Thousands of husbands are constantly worried about the health of their wives, and their wives, and often rob life of comfort and happiness. There is but one safe way to cure all this for the future. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's



# The Upsilonantian.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1888.

## HARRISON AND MORTON.

The republican convention has done its work well. Gen. Alger's Michigan friends, who have supported him so zealously and loyally, may feel some degree of disappointment at their failure, but they can have no shade of dissatisfaction with the ticket nominated. They loved not Harrison less, but only Alger more. Gen. Harrison is a strong man in this state, and he is a strong man in the whole country. A brave soldier when the nation had need of soldiers, he discharged his duties in the field with honor and rose through all the grades to the brevet rank of Brigadier General; and when an important political trust was put in his hands, he performed with equal fidelity and honor in the national Senate. Irreproachable in private life as in public, he has the love and devotion of the people of his own state to a degree that removes him from the doubtful list, and the confidence of the people at large to a degree that inspires his party throughout the nation with the assurance of success.

Forty-eight years ago, the democrats had unanimously renominated their President, Martin Van Buren of New York, as they have now unanimously renominated their President, Grover Cleveland of New York. The whigs then nominated Gen. William Henry Harrison against the New York democrat, as the republicans have nominated Gen. Benjamin Harrison, the grandson of the other, against the New York democrat now. The democrats then thought they were sure of reelecting Van Buren, as they have proclaimed that they are sure of reelecting Cleveland now; but Gen. Harrison swept the country then, and marched triumphantly to the presidential chair, as Gen. Harrison will do now. That Gen. Harrison was a soldier who had bravely fought the enemies of his country in the field, and had served one term as a Senator in Congress, and this Gen. Harrison has been a soldier and bravely fought the enemies of his country in the field and has served one term as a Senator in Congress. The sign is manifestly right, and the Albany Regency should get out of the way at once.

The nomination of Gen. Harrison is admirably supplemented by the choice of Levi P. Morton of New York for Vice President. He is a man of irreproachable character and fine abilities, strong in the confidence and regard of his own great state and of the country; and his association upon the ticket is one calculated to insure harmony and united and hearty support in that important state, and to carry our cause to final victory.

Upon another page of this paper will be found the platform and the detailed proceedings.

"The practice of profane swearing," said George Washington, "is a vice so mean and low that no gentleman can ever be guilty of it." These words of the Father of our Country may present a view of the subject that is new to some. That profanity is a vice, is a fact neither new nor important to many who practice it. That it is a low vulgarity, making those who indulge in it, objects of loathing and pity to every gentleman, is another view of the matter, not always contemplated, we presume, and which to some might be a matter of more concern than the fact of vice. It is not less true, and we commend it to the attention of those to whom it may seem important.

The Lansing city council has instructed the city attorney to proceed for the suppression of three flash city papers, under the statute against obscene publications. The discussion in the council was decidedly healthy. One Alderman, turning around and looking straight at a reporter of one of the papers concerned, ex-cemeterie trustee Ira Crane, said:

I am willing to let the papers and their reporters walk in their own way, but my friend in your next correspondence, the man who will lose himself to such degradation as this man has been guilty of, forget that he has a wife and mother, and if the latter is in her grave she may well turn over and curse the son to whom she gave birth. If I ever did an act of which I am proud it was to relieve our dead at Mt. Hope of a wretch who, for I did secure that man's removal from the office of cemetery trustee. Take that, too, to the paper that is so concerned only among the slums of the lower classes.

The following record of the ballots for President will be interesting to preserve. Fred Grant and Fred Douglass, and Supreme Judge Miller, appear in the list:

Ballots	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Harrison	79	91	94	215	218	231	278	514
Sherman	229	249	244	235	234	244	251	118
Alger	84	116	122	123	142	137	120	100
Greenham	114	109	123	98	87	91	91	59
Allison	73	73	88	88	99	75	76	59
Blague	32	35	42	48	40	15	5	5
McKinley	2	3	8	11	14	12	16	4
Depew	99	91	91	91	91	91	91	91
Back	25	29	16	15	15	15	15	15
Philips	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	15
Talbot	24	16	16	16	16	16	16	16
Miller	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Hayley	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Lincoln	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Miller	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Forsaker	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Douglass	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Grant	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Haymond	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Total	830	828	830	827	828	831	830	830
Highest	229	249	244	235	234	244	251	118

## Alum Baking Powders.

A list of those most prominently sold. The following are the names of some of the baking powders published by the public authorities as being made from alum:

Kenton,	Davis,
Silver Star,	Henkle,
Forest City,	Ne Plus Ultra,
One Spoon,	Empire,
Empire,	Can't Be Beat,
Gold,	Eureka,
Victory,	International,
Cook's Favorite,	Puritan,
Sun Flower,	Albany Favorite,
Jockey,	Golden Sheaf,
Backeye,	Burnet's Perfect,
Peppercorn,	Silver King,
Crown,	Welcome,
Wheeler's,	Old Colony,
Carleton,	Crestal,
Gem,	Centennial,
Zip's Grape Crystal,	Gem,
Geo. Washington,	Wildcat,
Fleur de Lis,	Sovereign,
Feather Weight,	Daisy.

There are doubtless many other brands of alum baking powder besides those so far examined and named by the authorities. Most of the baking powders sold in bulk, by weight, and all sold with a gift or present, are said to be of this description. Prof. H. A. Mott, United States Government Chemist, says: "In my opinion, the use of alum as a constituent of a baking powder should be prohibited by law."

## Growth as a Duty, and Its Conditions.

Baccalaureate Address to the Graduating Class of the Michigan State Normal School, delivered Sunday Evening, June 24, 1888, by J. M. B. Sill, Principal.

As the years move on, occasions like this assume to me a larger importance. I see more clearly than once I did that he who assumes to offer to a group of young men, upon the last evening of their college life, advice or encouragement, upon the occasion of their changing the narrower life of the school-room for the thronging and multifarious activities of real life, carries a real responsibility; and this responsibility lies in the direction of missing a magnificent opportunity rather than of making any positive error. There was a time when I would have been content to entertain you with verbal pyrotechnics, or to astonish you with alleged flights of eloquence or with an array of "glittering generalities." Indeed, I remember when I would have been ambitious to do some such thing. But I seem to have outgrown such ambitions and I most fervently hope that the seeming corresponds with the fact. I am sure I do not care to talk to you for the sake of talking, nor of hearing myself talk, nor even for the purpose of rounding out in some perfunctory fashion and in "a safe and certain form" the listed and conventional proprieties of commencement week. I feel profoundly that you have a right to expect of me earnest words that shall convey serious and fruitful thoughts plainly and convincingly expressed.

I stand before you to-night, hesitatingly and indeed half-repentant, and this for a reason given a moment ago, viz: that it is so easy at a time like this to miss a most valuable opportunity. And why is this opportunity an extraordinary one? Let us see. This is the opening day of a week that means great things to you. It means the beginning of many long cherished hopes and bright anticipations. It means in some sense, the fruition of years of laborious yet joyful endeavor. Its notable events will be remembered by you so long as life lasts. Now, it is a law of the soul that impressions made upon it at such a time are deep and enduring. Memory shall recall any one of the many other things that happenings of these few memorable days, along with it shall come unbidden, any words which I shall utter to-night, provided they are words which impress you. Of course this persistence in memory will be true only of what in some way makes its mark deeply upon your souls. If the impressions made are feeble, they will fade the more swiftly on account of the intensity of synchronous impressions. So if what shall be said to-night lack point or power or fitness, or the over-coming momentum that inheres alone in truth, an hour great with eternal possibilities shall be sadly and wastefully wasted. Hence the responsibility of which I am deeply conscious; hence the hesitation and the half-reluctance. But I rejoice in the opportunity, nevertheless. If I am able to say anything of real and lasting value, there could be no time more favorable. It is mine to strike while the iron is white-hot.

At this time of your utmost receptivity, at the hour when your minds, alert with the high tension of great interest and wholesome stimulation, can best grasp, assimilate, and make permanent whatever is fitly presented to them, it is my esteemed privilege to say to you such things as my larger experience of life moves me to say, for your benefit and advantage. I value this privilege, and God grant me wisdom to improve it to the uttermost, and to deliver to you his truth, who is the source of all truth, in such a way that every line of association and every day shall, so long as you live, be paths upon which your minds shall return to the words which I shall speak, and, returning, gain help, comfort, and renewed courage.

I purpose to speak to you of the duty of growth, and if time shall allow, of the necessary conditions of growth. Inwoven into the very warp and woof of all human life, and especially in the larger life upon whose activities you are about to enter, there are duties to which it is wise to invite your attention. Of these most are plain and unmistakable. Few will fail to note them and to acknowledge that the obligations involved in them are sacred and binding upon all. Right-minded men and women will hardly fail to recognize, for instance, the duty of perfect and transparent truthfulness in word and in deed, of thorough honesty in all our intercourse with our fellow-men, of a kindly and liberal charity toward all, of abstention from thoughts and actions that degrade and demoralize the soul, from slanderous and even from censorious words, from hatred and malice and all uncharitableness, and from debasing secret sins.

In a plane of spiritual life a little higher there will be found a general and sincere acknowledgement of the duty and of obedience and love towards God to whom alone we owe life and our capacity for happiness now and hereafter. And along with this, recognition of the duty of perfect purity in thought as well as in deed, and of love towards our neighbors and even towards our enemies. Even those who fail most signally in meeting and fulfilling the obligations involved in these obvious duties are prompt to admit that they are binding and cannot be neglected without peril to the soul.

Have already called your attention to a duty whose claims are not so readily admitted and whose binding force is not so freely and fully acknowledged. A lawyer trying Christ once asked him "Which is the great commandment in the law?" and this was his answer: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment, and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Here we have, compactly stated, the substance of God's will toward man. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. But neither these two commandments nor the Decalogue of which they are the terse but comprehensive condensation, touch in open and palpable words the duty which I desire to urge upon your earnest consideration to-night—the duty of growth.

I use the word growth, not conspicuously upon the scripture texts, nor conspicuously obvious in the letter of its teachings, but which are, nevertheless, fundamental and imperative. It must not be forgotten nor neglected by any whose desires run towards the attainment of genuine manliness or womanliness in all its majestic dignity. I use the word growth in its broadest and most comprehensive sense. I mean spiritual growth along all the lines indicated by the true nature of the soul of man. Not growth in its physical aspects, for in the economy of the world that ends with early maturity. Not growth in the direction of knowledge alone, but growth of the whole soul, in understanding, in feeling, in aspiration and desire, and in the power to choose and determine wisely, and to execute with swiftness, courage and efficiency. I mean growth in all that ennoble man and brings him nearer to God in whose image he was created, growth in all that is excellent and worthy of a high estate of rational humanity, growth in grace and pureness of living, growth in the power to do and to conquer.

growth in love and charity, in sweetness and in strength and in mastery over every debasing tendency of the soul.

It is not my present attempt to set before you spiritual growth as something merely desirable and of great value to you, something needful and essential to your own highest happiness. It is indeed all this, but it is something more and greater. I insist upon it as a duty, urgent and imperative—a duty which has been laid upon you and from which you cannot honorably or justly escape, a duty which is recreancy to shirk or neglect. I wish to oppose with the best weapons at my command, the prevailing and enervating idea that continuous growth is a mere capability of the soul, a privilege that one may thankfully and gratefully accept to his own great gain and profit, if it pleases him to do so, but which he may also ignore or neglect at his own option and still be blameless: that whether there be growth or decadence, it is a matter of interest only to the soul that grows or withers. I affirm that it is not a mere option. I insist that it is not a mere privilege to be accepted or rejected at will, but that it is a duty of prime obligation—a duty for whose fulfillment we shall at the last be called to strict account. I would if I could, by the urgency and force of my words, lead every one of you into such trains of mind that a year allowed to slip away without positive spiritual advancement, without substantial growth would be to you a year shamefully wasted, a year to be looked back upon with stinging remorse so urgent and so bitter that it would secure repentance and reformation.

I call your attention to the words of Christ as quoted above and ask you to read between the lines to find wherein they are suggestive of the topic of this discourse, and to discover to your own minds their logical and reasonable interpretation. I want you to see that God nor man excuses remediable shortcomings: that it is not enough to say "I have done my best," if your best is below the fair measure of your capability to do. Is he obedient to the two great commandments "on which hang all the law and the prophets," who loves God and his neighbor with a narrow, half-developed, half-starved, scanty, pinched, and inadequate love? Why, the heart of man is capable of rich, strong, wide-embracing love, love as abundant as the waters of the immeasurable sea and constant as the unchanging pole-star, love that suffereeth long and is kind, that envieth not, that seeketh not its own, that vaunteth not itself; love that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; love that the fiery-souled apostle declares is greater and more enduring than faith which is able to move mountains, or hope, the eternal anchor of the soul. Instead of such love, shall a man offer something weak and changeful, something that has been choked by tares and thistles and stunted into deformity by his own neglect and then lamely and pusillanimously offer the childish excuse that he has nothing better to give?

Suppose through my own default, through unworthy negligence of the means of growth with which I am lavishly supplied, my love is poor and unfruitful, meager in amount and worthless in quality, am I excusable because I have nothing more nor better in present possession? What was the word of the Master to the unstable steward who hid his one talent in the earth and, though he offered to return all that had been given him, nothing being wasted or lost, but without increase, though the means of increase were at his hand? Was it not this awful but deserved sentence "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." "Thou canst not say I have not my talent, for I have hid it away, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take therefore the talent from him and give it unto him which hath ten talents: for unto every one that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."

What is the meaning of loving with all the heart and mind and soul, if it does not mean to the ultimate limit of the potentiality of the heart, the mind, and the soul? Am I doing what my hands find to do, with my whole might, when I have through negligence of which I ought to be profoundly ashamed, allowed my night to degenerate into weakness, into the pitiful shadow of its capacity?

We owe service to our fellowmen. The limit of that debt is the limit of our possible capacity for helpfulness. The honorable soul will perceive that it is no right to cheat those to whom such service is due by failure to conserve and augment its power in doing.

How do right-minded men look upon those who do not live and act up to the limit of their power and possibilities. Not with lenient eyes I assure you. If I seek to pay a debt honestly due, with a begrudging ten cents on the dollar, pleading that I am helpless to do more, that I have given all I have, shall I be held blameless, if I have sat down idly and made no effort to obtain the means of paying it honestly in full? If food, comfort, clothing and shelter are due from a man to his wife and child, and he allows them to go naked and suffer pangs of hunger, will reasonable men excuse him because he gives them all he has, when they know that manifold effort on his part would secure comfort and even abundance? If a man habitually meets his fellows with ill-natured frowns and continually offends them with rudeness and bores, will his friends excuse him because the best he has, when we know that he lives in a civilized community where he could, if he would, learn how to practice the decencies and amenities of life? Does any one whose opinion is worth the breath of an insect, in expressing it, believe that laziness or ignorance that might be remedied is a good excuse for inefficiency and blundering incapacity? Does the law excuse the fool who takes life in festive spirit and then whines that "he didn't know it was loaded?" An architect undertakes the designing and constructing of a building. The limit of the strength of materials is ascertainable. Patient investigation and conscientious experimentation will discover to any man who ought to put his hand to such a work. But this architect lacks adequate knowledge and skill. His conceit outweighs his merits. He has neglected his opportunities. He has failed to train himself with sufficient thoroughness in the details of his art. He piles a grand superstructure upon an insufficient support. By and by comes the inevitable catastrophe. Instead of a palace there is a wreck. Is he blameless because he builds as well as he knows? Shall he escape bitter condemnation because he used the utmost knowledge at his present command, and did the best he knew how to do in planning and constructing? No, men will say "Better knowledge was obtainable and he did not obtain it." "He might have made himself able to do better." And the condemnation is just, though he meant no harm and though he wrought to the outside limit of the knowledge in his possession.

Observe how the feeling that men ought to be held responsible to the extent of what they might be, as well as of what they actually are, has brought itself into the formulas of common speech. One says in English for another "He erred not maliciously but through ignorance." And the answer is ready, "He had no business to be ignorant." "He ought to know better." Another says, "His act was shameful and wicked, but he is not to blame, he is naturally depraved." But the common sense of mankind is in no such hurry to excuse. It answers, "Why has he not made himself better? He could, if he

(Concluded on next page.)

## First National Bank,

Established 1863.

Capital & Surplus, \$100,000

Individual Liability of Stockholders, \$150,000

D. L. QUINN, President. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.  
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CASH CAPITAL, - \$200,000.

Four per cent. interest paid on Savings deposits. Directors—R. A. Alger, T. S. Anderson, M. S. Smith, Hugh McMillan, F. J. Becker, W. K. Anderson, R. S. Mason, C. L. Freer, G. H. Russel, W. C. McMillan, J. K. Burnham, H. C. Parke. Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

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FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST

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Savings Department open every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 to receive deposits.

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FLOUR AND FEED STORE

If you are in need of

Seed Corn, Potatoes, and Beans!

FERTILIZER, DRAIN TILE, BINDING TWINE, MACHINE OIL, WAGONS, DRILLS, CULTIVATORS, PLOWS, AND ALL REPAIRS! OSBORN BINDER, OSBORN MOWER, ANN ARBOR & EXCELSIOR MOWERS, HAY TEDDERS, FORKS, RAKES!

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ALSO THE BEST FAMILY CREAMERY IN THE MARKET.

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## A Valuable Prescription Free!!

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## FRANK SMITH'S

EMPORIUM

For anything that should be found in a stock of

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The large stock of Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Trusses of all kinds, and prices always better than one-quarter off.

## ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

Or do you think of using

## Lumber or Paint

In large or small quantities?

If you are, you should at once call on

## S. W. Parsons & Co.

DEALERS IN

## BUILDING MATERIAL

AND

Carpenter's Supplies of All Kinds!

Lumber Yard and Factory north of Public Square, east side; Branch Office and Paint Depot, Worden Block, Huron Street.

## BLOW 'EM UP.

## Hereules Powder

—FOR—

Blasting Stumps and Boulders

—AT—

W. H. JUDD'S GUN STORE,

WASHINGTON STREET.

IT IS SAFE, AND EASY TO HANDLE.

## C. S. SMITH,

Cross Street, near the Depot,

DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED

## MEATS!

First-Class Sugar Cured Hams a Specialty.

Sausages of all kinds, made from best selected meats, always on hand.

Sausages cut for farmers and customers promptly and satisfactorily

Only the best Meats handled, and only the Favorite Prices, charged at the

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## WE HAVE RECEIVED OUR

## NEW SPRING GOODS

All the Latest Styles and Novelties. Everything desirable in the way of WEARING APPAREL for MEN, BOYS AND CHILDREN. In

## MEN'S CLOTHING

We have a large stock of SPRING OVERCOATS, and in SUITS, the Greatest Variety of Styles and Patterns we have ever shown in one Season. In

## BOYS' CLOTHING

We have a Magnificent Line, and in CHILDREN'S KILT SUITS AND SHIRT WAISTS we have many New Styles and Patterns, and to the parent looking for the Best and Most Fashionable Garments for the Least Money we can offer Special Inducements.

## ALL THE NEW SHAPES IN HATS & CAPS

As well as all the Latest Novelties in Gents' NECKWEAR and Furnishings. Our

## MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Contains a Larger Assortment of the BEST FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FABRICS than any previous season, and our Prices are Lower than ever before.

## C. S. WORTLEY & BRO.,

CONGRESS STREET.

Make Your Home Beautiful With Artistic Furnishing!

We invite attention to our carefully selected stock of

## FURNITURE

Comprising the newest and most popular styles of

PARLOR SUITS, CHAMBER SETS,

DINING ROOM SUITS, BABY CARRIAGES,

CURTAINS, MISCELLANEOUS FURNITURE

ALL AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Special attention given to Re-upholstering Parlor Suites, Sofas, Easy Chairs, Lounges, Hair and Wool Mattresses, etc.

JUST RECEIVED—A large invoice of Lace Curtains, from \$1.00 to \$10.00; Turcoman Draperies, Opaque and Holland Window Shades in endless variety, and an immense stock of Fine and Cheap Pictures.

## Wallace & Clarke.

Be sure and see our stock before buying.

## YPSILANTI SANTARIUM, Ypsilanti, Mich.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

GEORGE MOORMAN, Proprietor. F. E. HOLMES, Superintendent.

Is at home every day for office work. Come and get your Life and Property Insured or get a Pension. He will write you a Will, Deed, Mortgage, Contract, or anything else, very cheap, and warrant all correct or no pay.

OFFICE OVER WELLS & FISK'S.

## HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

Candies, Fruits, Nuts

Etc., Etc.

The Largest, Cheapest, and Most Complete Stock of Candies in the City.

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## SPRING--1888--SPRING.

## JOE SANDERS, the CLOTHIER

HAS A FULL LINE OF

## Spring Woolens & Worsteds

—AND—

Mr. Fingerle, artistic tailor, will personally superintend all orders in this department, which insures a stylish and well-made garment.

## NOVELTIES IN HATS AND CAPS

—AND—

## Gents' Furnishings











## ENCHANTMENT.

The sails we see on the ocean  
As white as white can be;  
But never one in the air or  
As white as the sails at sea.

The clouds that crown the mountain  
With purple and golden light  
Turn to old gray mist and vapor  
If ever we reach the height.

The mountains wear crowns of glory,  
Only when seen from afar;  
And the sails lose all their whiteness  
Inside of the harbor bar.

Oh, distance, thou dear enchantress,  
Still hold in thy magic veil  
The glory of the far-off mountains,  
The gleam of the far-off sail.

Hide in thy robes of splendor,  
Oh, mountain, cold and gray,  
Oh, sail, in thy snowy whiteness,  
Come not into port I pray!

—Charlotte Perry, Chicago.

## SONG OF THE SWAN.

Translated from the French of  
Georges Ohnet for The  
Chicago Herald.

V.—CONTINUED.

"So from this beloved angel you will separate me forever? The pious adoration which I should have bestowed upon the dear dead will be forbidden me. Near her I shall not have the right to pray to weep. To the despair of her loss you add the horror of an eternal separation. What might have soothed the anguish of my heart you take from me. It is asking my life. So be it! I give it to you. But at least let my sacrifice be generously compensated. Be as indulgent to your daughter as you are cruel to me. Let each of my tortures procure her a joy, and since for all her smiles I am to give tears avenge yourself well and make her very happy.

Lord Mellivan did not appear to understand Stenio. Inflexibly he went on toward the end that he had fixed upon. Only through Maud's death was Marackzy to be struck. Who knows what his reply would have been had he been offered the choice between the recovery of his daughter and the accomplishment of his vengeance. What a frightful debate might have occurred between his rancor and his tenderness.

But Maud was lost. There remained nothing but to punish. The Marquis turned sharply toward Stenio and appeared to demand if he had anything more to say. The musician was motionless, overwhelmed. Then, going to the door, the Marquis opened it and said:

"I think that you may go. In an hour I will be with my daughter. But as I do not desire to live in the same city with you I inform you that this evening I shall start for England."

Marackzy bowed without a word and departed. The Marquis heard the noise of his steps on the staircase, then on the deck. When the sound had ceased he drew a deep sigh, and seeing Kitty, who had run in anxious to hear the result of this terrible interview, he held out his arms, pressed her to his bosom and burst into tears.

## VI.

The sight of her father seemed to revive Maud. She regained some of her lost strength, surmounted the horrible gloom that beset her and became cheerful. She could rise and take the few steps to the window. There she basked in the sun, warmed by the balmy light of the sun, caressed by the vivifying breeze of the sea, and diverted by the joyous movement on the shore.

Any one but Stenio might have believed that the doctors were mistaken, and that Maud, still had enough vigor to conquer her disease. But with a singular penetration the great artist realized the condition of his wife exactly.

He saw her, momentarily exalted by an unlooked-for joy, battling against the feebleness of her body. But he knew that the contest would not be victorious, and this fictitious energy ceasing that poor Maud would fall again like a wounded bird.

He watched with a stricken heart this revolt of youth so strongly attached to life, and believing still that it was only a slender thread that retained her, he cursed the days that flowed away so rapidly, full of anguish at thoughts of a to-morrow that might bring misfortune.

As he had said, Lord Mellivan had left for England, but Daisy and Harriet had remained behind.

The constant presence of these two women contributed to maintain Maud in this moral well-being, so new for her that it seemed to bring her health. Every morning the young girl came with her governess, and the house brightened with her presence. She went and came, sang, interrupted herself to kiss her sister, and diffused around her the ineffable charm of her youth and gaiety.

Maud, silent, looked at her, and it seemed as if all that she had suffered was only a painful dream. Nothing of all that troubled her life was true. She had married Stenio with the consent of her father; she had never quit her native country; she had not been separated from her sister. And the golden-haired angel so much deplored was not dead. He was growing up to manhood.

When the reality suddenly reappeared to her she closed her eyes, not to lose the sweet illusion, and said to herself: "It ought to be so; it is so, and I am happy."

She experienced a melancholy joy in talking of the past with Harriet and Daisy. Like a sympathetic cortege, all the friends, lost for the three years, passed before her eyes. For entire hours she lost herself in recollections of the past. She thus forgot all the troubles and fears of the present and began to be happy.

When Stenio saw his dear patient thus distraught he went away noiselessly, and, relieved of restraint and relaxing the lines of his face, contracted by a smile of command, he left the house to wander alone. He reached the summit of the cliffs, and, sitting down on the thin and yellow grass, with immense solitude, of the sky and sea around him, he lost himself in his reveries.

He listened to the moanings of the storm at his heart, and little by little these moanings assumed a musical form, and songs expressing despair

welled up in his inspired brain. In hearing these harmonies, which, born of grief, expressed it with such infinite intensity, he experienced a nameless torture. He endeavored to silence his terrible imagination. But his genius, vainly confined, spread its wings and like an eagle which bears a trembling prey in its claws, bore him away.

Funeral marches dismal as a knell for the dead, and lugubrious rhythms like the steps of pall-bearers, full of sighs and of sobs, resounded in his thought. At the foot of the cliff the waves broke against the rocks, sounding an incessant bass. And in prey of his hallucinations, Stenio remained as motionless as a statue which had irresistibly seized him and imparted the artistic form to his grief to which he had devoted his life.

At moments more calm he gazed at the immense expanse of waves which extended beneath him until lost to view.

He thought that in these cold waves he might find forgetfulness, calm and silence. But Maud's pale face, rising like a white phantom before him, recalled him to his duty, and weary and sad he descended toward the village. He passed through the street without responding to the salutations, and entered Maud's chamber with a calm and cheerful face.

At this watering resort during the long days passed at the Casino, on the terrace, and along the shore there were to be heard no end of scandals and calumnies. The races had attracted to the little Normandy coast the flower of the throng whose sole occupation is to amuse itself. The last scandal, caused by the flight of a pretty Spanish marquis with a young Jew banker, was exhausted. Not the least little bit of gossip to tickle the tongue! It was decidedly tiresome at this sea shore!

So with what enthusiasm was the sister Elizabeth received when she expressed to her committee of lady patrons the regret that Marackzy had decided to appear no more in public. Solely occupied with the prosperity of her work she had asked herself ever since the rencontre with Stenio at the Hotel Royal how she was to obtain his consent to play for the benefit of the orphans. And while absorbed with speculations on her chances of success, the lady patrons began an inexhaustible recital, recalled Maud's adventure, spoke of Lord Mellivan, whose name they hardly knew, dramatized the flight of his daughter, showing her to have been pursued by her father on horseback and to have been compelled to hide with Stenio in the woods. And the whole story of the poor dying girl was gone over, disfigured, exaggerated by the gossip of those charming idlers capable of speaking ill of themselves rather than not to speak at all.

"There are lengths that love doesn't excuse," said one of these ladies with a disdainful gesture. "How can any one possibly elope with an artist?"

A young duchess who bore an illustrious name replied:

"My dear, you can never have heard the wonderful Stenio? Then do not speak lightly of the love he is capable of inspiring. I have known women with whom he might have done what he pleased."

"Nonsense."

"Women whom you know well. The influence of a virtuous on poor beings who, like us, are at the mercy of their nerves is undeniable. The most extraordinary passions have been excited by musicians. They exert a particular fascination. When our admirable Vignat with his satanic heart was at the piano singing the airs from his Mephistopheles, I have seen women fascinated, enthralled like birds by a serpent. And Marackzy is young and handsome. For his accomplices he has your eyes, ears, your whole being, Marackzy! Say no more about him. Try only to get him for our concert and you will see for yourselves."

"But how is it to be done?"

"Only his wife can obtain his consent." But how to see her; would she receive me?

"Oh, Duchess, you must try it," cried the sister Elizabeth. We will be so grateful, my little orphans and I. The handsome Duchess reflected.

"I have not seen Marackzy since I was in Venice. Would he recall me? And his wife—Bah! I will try it. It is for the poor."

On going, in returning from his accustomed walk, Marackzy found a lady awaiting him. The room was darkened and, after saluting her, he was about to go on, when she rose rapidly and approached him with an extended hand.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Marackzy! Ah! You do not recognize me. Am I then so changed?"

As he hesitated in asking himself whether he should not escape rather than endure her outpour of words, the lady took him by the arm and led him to the window.

"And now am I obliged to name myself?" she asked with assurance. Stenio smiled with a constrained air, and said:

"Excuse me, Duchess, I think I have lost a few of my wits during the past few days."

He made a new attempt to escape, but the lady had begun the battle, and had no intention of allowing the enemy to escape. She sat down on a sofa, and Marackzy felt constrained to sit down at her side.

"How many trials you have had since we met!" she said in an insinuating tone. "Believe me, that I have pitted you with all my heart. None of your admirers could be indifferent to your sorrows. What a void your withdrawal has made in the musical world! What regrets! But fortunately your charming wife is better, I have been told. O, how pretty she was two years ago at Vienna. And how extremely amiable! May I have the pleasure of seeing her?"

Tired of this chatter, Stenio coldly replied that it was impossible; the doctor had forbidden it. He sat without speaking, waiting impatiently for his visitor to go. But, without stirring, she repeated in different tones:

"How unfortunate! How unfortunate!"

And she looked around her apparently to find a door ajar through which she could slip into the sick lady's chamber.

"What was the object of your visit?" Stenio then asked, impatiently.

The handsome blonde clasped her hands and trying to give to her countenance a very sorrowful expression, said:

"Ah, my dear artist, there is so much misery, and you are so powerful. A word spoken by you would suffice to save many unfortunates. Shall we address ourselves to your generous heart in vain? Say yes, without knowing what I want. You will not regret it, and we shall be very grateful."

Marackzy listened no longer, and interrupted the patroness.

"You came to ask me to play in a concert," said he, "it is useless; I will not consent."

"It is for the orphans."

"If you need money for your poor I will give it," said he. "But to play, to appear in public when I have death in my heart—don't expect it."

He had raised his voice, and a glow of anger flushed his face.

"Don't insist, madame, he added, almost rudely, on seeing the duchess begin a new effort, and drawing his purse from his pocket he took out some bank bills, which he placed in her hand. Then saluting her with a grace in which the charming Stenio of former days appeared for an instant, he said:

"No. It is I who am under obligations to you." And showing the lady to the door of the vestibule he bowed a last time and went into his apartment.

Maud had just retired, and Daisy was sitting near the bed reading aloud. At the sight of her husband Maud raised on her elbow and asked:

"With whom were you talking, Stenio, and what is the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear."

"But it seemed to me that I heard the voice of a woman."

"Are you jealous, Maud?" said the musician, with a feigned gaiety.

"No, but I am curious."

"Ah, well, my love, they have heard that we were here, and have come to make the usual annoying request that I play in a concert."

"For the wretched, probably," interrupted Maud.

"Of course. That is the great excuse," replied Stenio, with bitterness. "The wretched! Is it only the poor that are wretched?"

At this allusion a shadow passed over the brow of the patient. Marackzy stopped at once, and, more calm, said:

"I am full of pity for their misery, Maud. I have given for these children in your name and mine."

"Ah, it was for children," she said with a sigh.

She lay silent, her eyes fixed and moist, and then said in a low voice, as if she was talking to herself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Some Husbands and Wives.

Convention prevents a Yoruba wife from either speaking to or even seeing her husband, if it can be avoided, and the rude Alutian Islanders have the same regulation about speaking.

In parts of the Fiji Islands a husband and wife, if they wish to meet, must meet in secret; a similar secrecy is or was obligatory among the Circassians, and even among the Hotentots.

But the African kingdom of Futa bears off the palm in these respects, if an old traveler is to be credited, who assures us that wives there were so bashful as never to let their husbands see them without a veil for three years after their marriage.

A Kamschadal girl (and the people of Kamschkatka are among the rudest of the earth), however well disposed she may be to her future spouse, makes it a point of honor to pretend to refuse him, and the form of force on his side and of resistance on hers has in any case to be regularly performed.

The Hos of India, regard it as the correct thing for a wife to run away from her husband and to tell her friends that she neither loves him nor will ever see him again, while he in his turn is expected to display great anxiety for his loss, and when he has found his wife after diligent search to carry her home again by main force.

Among the Esquimaux, even in cases where the course of true love runs smoothest and accorded fully with parental settlements, certain old women had to be sent to drag the bride forcibly to her husband's hut, she being obliged under the penalty of an ill-name to "make as if she were much ruffled at it."

Pope Sextus V. deprived a satirist of his tongue. Helvetius suffered capital punishment for writing a farce. Peconianus, a pretty verse maker, was strangled for satirizing Tiberius. De Foe was imprisoned and had his ears cropped for an ill-judged political pamphlet.

George Withers, the author of "Abuses Stript and Whipt," was confined for years in the Marshalsea prison. Emperor Augustus condemned the poet Cassius to instant death, and banished Ovid for fear of his truculent pen.

Domitian ordered Homogenes of Tarsus to be executed for some satirical reflections on his history and the copyists who transcribed the work shared the same fate.

In the winter of 1879 the czar punished an author living in Moscow who laid bare some of the iniquities of Russian statecraft, by compelling him to follow out the Baconian precept—namely, that "some books are to be chewed and digested"—and literally eat his own book.

**Fun at a Mexican Opera.** On Saturday evening last a party of "blooms," attending the Mexican opera, took occasion to throw a number of bouquets on the stage. The last tribute of approbation was seized by the leading lady, only to be jerked out of her hand by a hemp cord, which was attached to it, much to the amusement of the boys, but greatly to the annoyance of other persons in attendance, inasmuch as the "prima" refused to appear in the final and grand chorus. Afterward, to get even, one of the jokers was treated to an egg carnival at the hands of the Mexicans employed by the troupe, and thereby lost a fine coat.—*Phoenix Arizona.*

**Two Views of It.** Smalley (coming out of church)—"Don't you think that Dr. Talker's sermon this morning was a finished discourse?"

Lever—"Yes, I do; but for about an hour I didn't think it would be."—*Harper's Bazar.*

## STATE NEWS.

### A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

#### ILLINOIS.

—At Carthage, John S. Dreano, the eight-year-old boy, has been sentenced to the penitentiary for one year and to a fine of \$200.

—Clarence L. Berry, son of O. F. Berry, mayor of Carthage, was drowned while swimming in a pond. The body was recovered.

—Charles G. Brittain, 20 years of age, while swimming in Rock River, at Moline, with some companions was seized with cramps and drowned.

—James S. Duke was arrested at Chicago and taken to Elgin for embezzling several hundred dollars from his employer, Charles Oliver, of Beloit, Wis.

—Miss Mabel Fowler, of Village Grove, was bitten by a huge rattlesnake as she was passing through a field on her father's farm. It is feared she cannot live.

—A horse belonging to J. Essex, of Danville, ran away, and dashing into McFadden's drug store ran through the whole length of it and down stairs into the cellar.

—At Decatur, Rev. J. W. Tyler, aged eighty-two, was fatally injured by being kicked in the head by a horse. He was the oldest and best known minister in central Illinois.

—The case of the State Board of Health against J. W. Gay, an Indian medicine man of Kirkwood, for alleged violation of the state medical code, has been settled by Gay paying a fine of \$100 and costs.

—The Alumni of the University of Illinois, at Champaign, held their annual meeting. The literary exercises were of a high character. C. G. Vealey and Rev. McPherson, of Chicago, were present.

—Attorney Solomon, of Chicago, made an application to the Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus for William Sigismund, who was sent to the penitentiary from Chicago, for abducting and shamefully mistreating Anna Herndon.

—A well-dressed and respectable appearing stranger was killed at Newburg by a car, his head being crushed from his body. There were no papers on the unfortunate man's person indicating who he was, or where he belonged.

—The City Council of Joliet, fixed the salary of the city engineer, from \$1,000 by a vote of 10 to 30. There has been a want of a city engineer. The Mayor and the steel company for \$3,000, but the aldermen seemed convinced that the people were satisfied with the \$1,000 license.

—After thirteen days of prohibition, a heretofore almost unprecedented state of affairs in Aurora, the high and low license question, was decided by a special session of the City Council, which passed a resolution, and the license ordinance goes into effect immediately.

—The parties injured by the Shelby Circus catastrophe at Odell, are all doing well. While Mr. Shelby was not under any legal obligation to pay wages, he paid all parties injured sufficient sums to discharge all expenses incurred. The company left here for Fairbury.

—At Galena, the cornerstone of the new Annunciation Catholic school building, named Feehan Hall, in honor of the Archbishop of Chicago, was laid with the usual ceremonies. Rev. Thomas Pope, of St. Macdonald's, Chicago, delivered the address.

—H. M. Sloan, a workman in the rolling mill at Joliet, met with a horrible death, a red hot steel rail, running from the rolls to the saws, passing entirely through his body. The old man could not see well, and attempted to pass in front of the rail as it came along the rolls.

—Robert Fulton, a prominent farmer of Wythe township, near Warsaw, was instantly killed by a bale of hay crushing him. He was prominently identified with horticultural and live stock interests in Hancock County, and was connected with an extensive importing live stock concern.

—A passenger train No. 2 east on the Burlington road, ran into a freight train across the main line at Buda. The engine and baggage-car of the passenger train were demolished, and several cars of the freight train. The baggage-car was considerably bruised up, but no one was injured.

—A fire in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Moweaqua, Ill., destroyed the church, which was a grandly decorated with floral designs. Rev. J. D. Fry, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Moweaqua, delivered an address in the morning and at night a select program was presented.

—A suspected body of Daniel S. Sweeney, a Santa Fe railroad contractor, of Fort Madison, was found on an island opposite Nauvoo. Sweeney disappeared mysteriously last fall, and it was thought he had been murdered. As a large sum of money was found on the body, it is now believed he was drowned by accident.

—A Rockford horse driven by Morris Goggins was frightened by a train and jumped over a twenty-four foot embankment, carrying buggy and driver. Goggins was instantly killed, but not a trace of injury could be found on him, and it is thought he died from fright. Mrs. Theodore E. Buck, who was in the vehicle, jumped out just as the horse leaped, and escaped unhurt.

#### MICHIGAN.

—"Your Uncle" Jed Spaulding, of Port Huron, owns a cat twenty-one years old.

—The Benton Harbor *Argus* has been seized for publishing a libel on the state of Michigan, and the plant was appraised at \$300.

—The Grand Lodge of Orangemen will hold its next meeting at Cheboygan, the second Tuesday in June, 1889.

—William Miles, of near Shepherd, killed two large bears recently. They weighed respectively 250 and 200 pounds.

—At Grand Rapids, Capt. Wright L. Coffin suffered a stroke of paralysis, and physicians say he cannot recover.

—Since 1887 the number of sheep in Michigan has fallen off 34,444, or 2 per cent. The wool clip will be about 11,900,000 pounds.

—A man named Barney, who is credited with being a reformed actor and drunkard, is giving temperance lectures at Northville.

—The men employed in the big flour shed of the Grand Trunk wharf, Fort Gratiot, struck for more wages and lost their places.

—Oxford has four preachers—a Democrat, a Prohibitionist, a Republican and a Henry Georgeite—and they dwell together in unity.

—At Cadillac, Andrew Muckle, a railroad conductor, was instantly killed by a switch engine. He leaves a wife and family at Grand Rapids.

—A strong syndicate of Detroit capitalists has offered \$2 per share for a controlling interest in the Ropes gold mine at Ishpeming. There are 80,000 shares of stock.

—At Howard City lightning struck William Englemann's house and demolished a bedstead and other furniture, and perhaps fatally injured Mrs. Englemann's sister.

—The Michigan Condensed Milk Company, of Lansing, uses over \$100,000 worth of refined sugar per annum. A car-load of their product has gone to Buenos Ayres.

—Charles Schaefer, living four miles from Minton City, cut his throat and gashed his arms with a razor, and committed suicide. He is still alive but cannot recover.

—At Grand Rapids, Ernest Pearl, aged 19, went in bathing in Grand River, was taken with cramps, and was drowned before assistance could reach him. The body was recovered.

—In Saint Mary's River, forty miles from

Sault Ste. Marie, an iron box was found by a diver, which contained the body of a young woman. It is supposed that she was murdered.

—At Sand Lake George Mertens, aged 26, employed in Petrie's shingle mill, was fatally injured by the bursting of a wheel, a piece of which struck him, cutting through the shoulder.

—If all the Charlotte people were to die off at once it would cost the various life insurance companies \$100,000 to pay their losses if they could not successfully contest the payment.

—At Bloomfield, Calvin Young's truck Jay Allen with a spade, fracturing the latter's skull and the will die. Young has been arrested, and the trial of residents and neighbors. The assault grew out of a quarrel over a round ditch.

—They had a tent meeting in the church yard at Mosherville while a funeral service was being held in the church at the same time. The funeral lamentations and the tent meeting hallelujahs clashed most inharmoniously, and the choir sang a sad lack of common sense management.

—A burglar grabbed Miss Inez Cameron, of Wayland, by the throat and told her to keep still or he would kill her. She kept on yelling all the same and then he fled. She identifies Rosarim Gigliotti, an Italian, as her assailant, and he stands a good chance of going where he can stay in nights.

—Secret Service Agent Abbott arrived at Port Huron from Detroit, and arrested Robert Judge and Thomas Ervin, of that city, and Ben Collins, of London, Ont., on a charge of selling counterfeit \$5 silver certificates. They were taken to Detroit for examination.

—The Michigan Legislature Association ended its second reunion at Lansing with a long address by Gov. Jerome on the legislation of the State. The association elected officers as follows: President, A. Felch, Washtenaw; Vice-President, D. L. Cressman, Williamston; Treasurer, John Strong, Monroe County; Executive Committee: J. M. Sellers, Kent; D. P. Markey, Osgood; J. W. Bellamy, Montcalm; E. F. Connelly, Wayne, and C. E. Harrington, Oakland.

—Some months ago there was great excitement over a gold find near Ishpeming. The Superior Iron Mining Company made the discovery, but as it was organized for purpose of exploring and developing iron ore only, they could not proceed to develop the gold find until arrangements were made giving them authority. They have opened the shaft, which had been partially filled up, and rock running very high in free gold was found and thrown out by the first blast. There is no doubt but that a valuable gold find is within six miles of Ishpeming.

#### INDIANA.

—Brakeman Frank M. Kaylor, on the G. R. & I. road, fell from a car at Lima, breaking his neck, while the wheels cut off both his legs.

—At Columbia City, Henry Hueller, made temporarily insane by brooding over imaginary slights from his relatives, committed suicide.

—At Brazil, Charles Anderson, a miner, committed suicide in a saloon by cutting his throat. He was forty-five years old and married.

—The body of Henry Umbach of the *Utica* (N. Y.) *Globe*, was recovered from the river at Maumee. He had been robbed and the remains were nude.

—Mrs. John A. Kuhns, of Colburn, committed suicide by shooting. Mrs. Kuhns was a bride of two months, and her strange act cannot be accounted for.

—Millions of locusts have landed at Crown Point within a few days and their noise in the timber in wonderful. They have already commenced devastations on timber and in some fields of grain.

—The new electric-light system has been inaugurated at Wabash, and proves to be a great success. There are 129 incandescent lights scattered over the city, which is now thoroughly lighted. The Heister system of lighting is being used.

—At Winamac, two fatal cases of sunstroke occurred on Market street, resulting in the death of William Burris, a wealthy farmer of Jefferson Township. A few hours later Mrs. John Baker of Tippecanoe Township was stricken down.

—Dr. Case, of Velpen, who was poisoned by the prick of a needle while making a post-mortem examination died in convulsions. Another physician, Dr. Hatfield, who assisted in the examination, was also poisoned, but his life was saved by cauterizing the wound.

—William Brinning, an inmate of the county jail at Peru and the only witness to the murder of John Kephart by Adelbert Boyer in his cell last month, was caught in the act of breaking jail. He was placed under \$2,000 bonds to appear as a witness in the case, which comes up in White County in September.

—Mose Barusch, a worthless young man about Seymour, induced Mrs. Miller, a soldier's widow, to intrust him with \$400 and a valuable gold watch to purchase for her a saloon and restaurant. A few hours later he left the city and had not since been found, although officers started in pursuit. He is probably in Chicago.

—Allen, Nethercutt was robbed of \$30 and a horse and buggy near Idaville. He was out with John Penny, when they met two strangers, who, with Penny's assistance, waylaid him. Nethercutt had \$30 which he refused to hand over, and Penny and one of his accomplices was arrested at Idaville and held for highway robbery.

—The army worm has made its appearance south of Columbus in great numbers, and crops are being destroyed by them. George Fisher has had forty-five acres of wheat entirely destroyed by the pests. The heads were eaten off and the blades stripped clean. Several other fields in the same neighborhood have suffered a similar fate.



